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ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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HAIR!

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WONDERSKIN!

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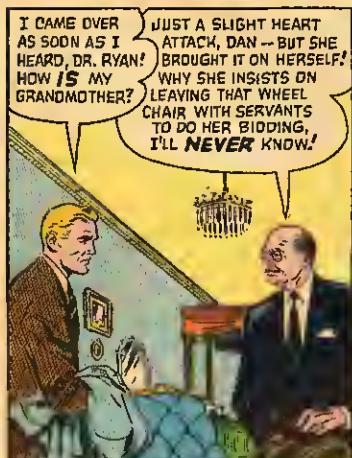
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MARRIAGE of DEATH



WHAT! I-I'D BETTER GET THE DOCTOR AGAIN-- YOU'RE DELIRIOUS!

DON'T WORRY -- MY MIND'S SOUND ENOUGH! BUT PERHAPS I'D BETTER TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY, SO YOU CAN JUDGE FOR YOURSELF! IT ALL STARTED TEN YEARS AGO--ON MY LAST TRIP TO THE RIVIERA--

"An old lady needs SOME excitement--so it was my usual custom to play Baccarat at the Casino for an hour or two before retiring--"

THIRTY THOUSAND FRANCS WORTH OF CHIPS, PLEASE!

DUI, MADAME!

"It took a long time for him to count out the chips and, waiting, I allowed my eyes to wander towards the roulette table. And there, I GOT THE SURPRISE OF MY LIFE!"

THAT'S--ANNETTE WHITNEY! BUT NO-- IT COULDN'T BE! ANNETTE WOULD BE A DODDERING OLD LADY OF EIGHTY BY NOW-- BUT WAIT! SHE'S RECOGNIZED ME! IT IS ANNETTE!

"Yes, a woman who was old, ancient--but clad in a halo of radiant youth! There was some mystery here that she wanted to hide, for she fled for an exit! But I had to get to the bottom of this--so I followed--"

SHE'LL HAVE TO GET HER WRAPS FIRST! I CAN CUT HER OFF AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE!

"I wasn't a moment too soon! It took all my control to make my voice calm--"

WHY, ANNETTE! YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, MADAME! I'M NOT--OH, WHAT'S THE USE! YES, I'M ANNETTE-- AND IT'LL DO ME GOOD TO TELL SOMEONE MY STORY--THE STRANGEST OF ALL TIME!"

"Even before she started to speak, a feeling of dreamlike unreality began to envelop me! I'm glad this over, Marian, she began--"

FOR YEARS I'VE LIVED IN DREAD OF MEETING SOMEONE I KNEW, FOR FEAR MY SECRET WOULD BE REVEALED! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE--AND I--I CAN'T KEEP IT TO MYSELF ANY LONGER!"

"It began in Switzerland--almost sixty years ago! My parents had sent me to a sanitarium there, to regain my health--but it was useless!

I still remember my feeling of despair when the doctor said..."



"I was determined to live that last year to the fullest! I picked Paris for my life's last fling--and there--in the gayest cafe--I met HIM!"



I--I MEAN, PARDON ME, MA'MSELLE! IT WAS CLUMSY OF ME! I'M PIERRE LE MORT! MAY I JOIN YOU-- AND MAKE A MORE SUITABLE APOLOGY?

IT WAS NOTHING, REALLY! AND IF YOU'D CARE TO SIT DOWN --



"Time passed--we fell madly in love! Wonderful, exciting days--then suddenly, his strange behavior began!"

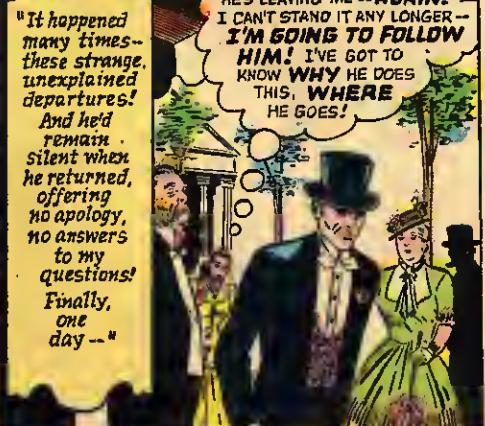
PIERRE, ISN'T PARIS BEAUTIFUL IN THE SPRING? IT'S SO -- PIERRE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? COME BACK!



"It happened many times--these strange, unexplained departures!

And he'd remain silent when he returned, offering no apology, no answers to my questions! Finally, one day --"

HE'S LEAVING ME -- AGAIN! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER -- I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM! I'VE GOT TO KNOW WHY HE DOES THIS. WHERE HE GOES!



"He didn't see me as I followed, close behind! Suddenly he stepped from the curb, touched an old street sweeper on the shoulder -- "

IT'S TIME TO GO NOW, JACQUES! ARRGH!

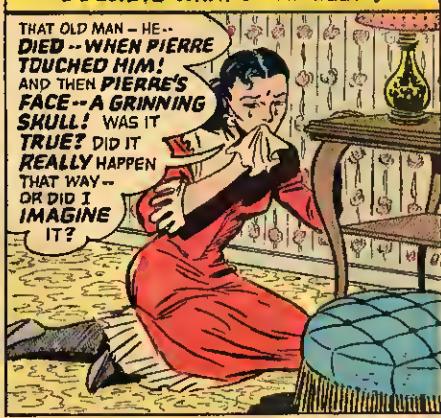


"The old man was - **DEAD!** Pierre turned to leave, and I caught a glimpse of his face. Lord help me, it wasn't a face! **IT WAS --**"

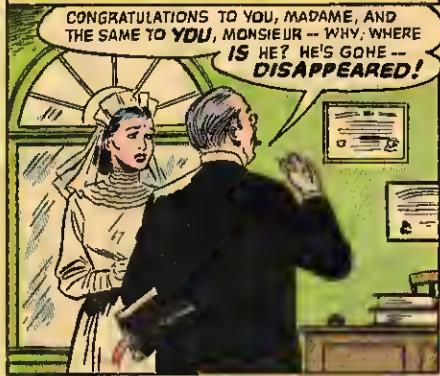


"Horror-stricken, I fled to my hotel! **COULD I BELIEVE WHAT I HAD SEEN?**"

THAT OLD MAN - HE --
DIED -- WHEN PIERRE
TOUCHED HIM!
AND THEN PIERRE'S
FACE -- A GRINNING
SKULL! WAS IT
TRUE? DID IT
REALLY HAPPEN
THAT WAY --
OR DID I
IMAGINE
IT?



"That was it - **IMAGINATION** -- brought on, perhaps, by my illness! I never mentioned it to Pierre -- and it was shortly after that that we were married!"



"He never came back!
I waited --
and gradually,
the
feeling
that
I was
involved
in some
monstrous,
horrible
situation
settled
over
me!"

I NEVER
REALIZED IT
BEFORE -- BUT
I KNOW PRACTICALLY
NOTHING ABOUT
HIM! WHERE DID
HE COME FROM? HOW
DOES HE EARN HIS
LIVING? WHO-WHO
HAVE I MARRIED?



I ONCE ASKED HIM WHERE
HE LIVED AND HE SAID -- HE
SAID THE **VENDOME!** YES,
THAT'S IT -- THE VENDOME
HOTEL! I'LL GO
THERE!



"My nerves at the breaking-point, I rushed up to the hotel clerk --"

DOES A **MONSIEUR LE MORT** LIVE HERE? IS HE
INT? ANSWER ME -- DON'T
STAND THERE WITH
YOUR MOUTH
GAPING OPEN!





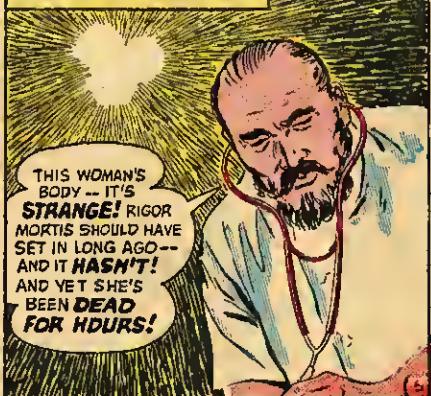
"The awful words struck at my heart with a shock that my weakened physique could not withstand! I reeled from the hotel..."



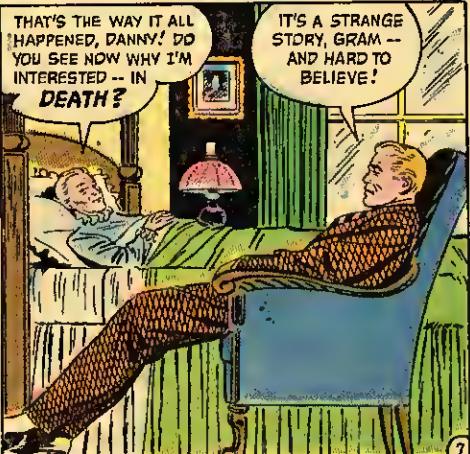
"Suddenly, the street spun dizzily, and wracking pain started me! This was what my doctors had warned against! This was -- THE END!"

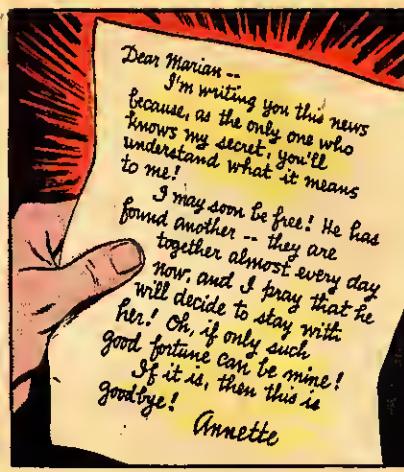
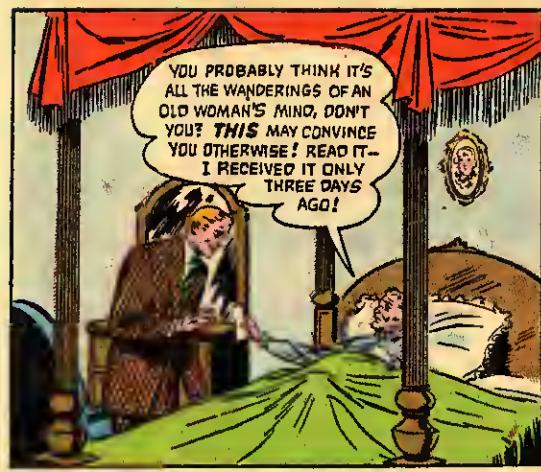


"Was this -- DEATH? Then why, long after,
did I have the power of thought -of HEARING?
And the words I heard ..."









POLICE BAFFLED!

A woman identified by her belongings as Annette Whitney disappeared from her room last night under mysterious circumstances. The room was securely locked from the inside and there were no signs of foul play. The most baffling part of the whole incident, however, was a small pile of dust found in the bed. Police could offer no explanation.

PARIS, FRANCE - AP - Jun. 20
Latest reports indicate

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	return of
	turri



"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"LASOING
THE LION"



CIRCUS-TIME AGAIN, FELLAS! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT ELEPHANT!

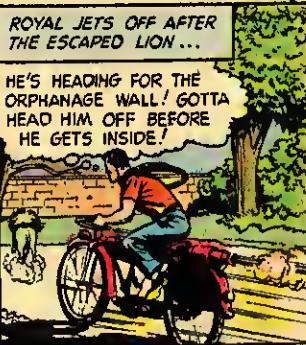
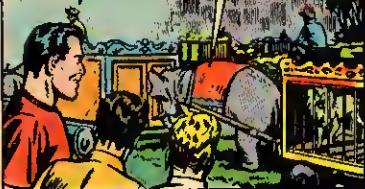
I'M GLAD THOSE BARS ARE BETWEEN ME AND THAT LION THERE... HE SURE IS HUNGRY-LOOKING!

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ABOUT TO MOVE ON, WHEN SUDDENLY...

GET THE TRAINER... THEN FOLLOW ME, BOYS!

ROYAL JETS OFF AFTER THE ESCAPED LION...

HE'S HEADING FOR THE ORPHANAGE WALL! GOTTA HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE HE GETS INSIDE!



THE HUNGRY BEAST CROUCHES FOR THE SPRING!

...BUT ROYAL'S LASO HITS ITS MARK... AND MR. LION IS LEFT CLAWING THE AIR!



AND SOON...

I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN TO THAT LION IN TIME!

I'M MIGHTY GLAD I WAS RIDING ON U.S. ROYALS... THEY ALWAYS SAVE TIME!

...AND THIS TIME, THEY SAVED LIVES!

BOYS, WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY! DON'T TAKE CHANCES... GET THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN TOP CONTROL COUNTS, YOU CAN COUNT ON U.S. ROYALS, WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!".. SAYS U.S. ROYAL.

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.

U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

The LETTER

PROFESSOR Howard Blake opened the letter he had just received from his old friend, Dr. Montague, and began reading:

"Dear Howard

I am writing this to you because you are the only one who will believe me—and the only one who can take steps to eradicate the awful thing that has been let loose upon the earth. And Howard, I am not exaggerating when I say *awful*, for all of earth is threatened by an immensely powerful and incredibly evil thing—but let me start from the beginning.

It all started last week. As you know, not many people come to my astronomical observatory, because of its high altitude and isolation, situated as it is high in the Rockies. And so I was surprised when a lone prospector visited me, bringing a strange cylindrical object that he said had flashed down from the heavens and buried itself near his mining shack. He abruptly deposited it in front of my feet and hastily departed, as if he actually *feared* the thing. Upon examination, it proved to be curiously light for an object of its size, and all efforts to open it or crack its strangely resilient shell were fruitless.

The mystery of the cylinder grew as I unsuccessfully tried to determine its nature or origin. I finally gave up, resolved to conduct more extensive tests on it in the morning.

But that night, I awoke with an eerie feeling of a strange presence in my room. I flipped on the light—and instantly, a swirling, greenish, slimy *thing* enveloped me. For a moment, I was paralyzed by the sheer horror of its ghoulish touch—and then I found I was paralyzed. Creep-

ing tentacles of slime had penetrated my skin and reached my nerves, rendering me utterly helpless. And then, when the tentacles reached my brain and the thing began projecting thoughts into my mind, I had a glimpse of the most fiendishly evil intelligence in the entire universe!

The thing 'told' me not to resist its probings of my brain; that it had come from a far-off star after conquering world after world, and that after it had sucked my brain dry of every scrap of knowledge, it would know how to deal with this world—which was next on its schedule of conquest!

I tried resisting by blanking out my mind, but it was no use—and the next thing I knew, hours later, I was alone. I staggered to my feet, wondering why the thing had abandoned its victim. And then, as a lightning flash seared the heavens, I knew why—I knew its fatal weakness!

The storm is over now, and I must hurry and write down what I have discovered—so that you will know the secret of its weakness—and warn the whole world to be ready for its coming when it is through with me. I have locked the door of my room, but the thing may come upon me at any moment, may even cut me off in the middle of a sentence, so I will tell you right now that—"

"But . . . but the letter ends there!" exclaimed Professor Blake. "I don't understand it—if the *thing* did stop him from finishing the letter, how did he *mail* it? And how—"

Professor Blake broke off and stared in horror as a swirling, slimy, greenish *thing* emerged from the envelope the letter had come in.

REALM of the MIST GODS

NOW GET THIS! NO MATTER WHAT YOUR MUMBO-JUMBO MAGICIANS THINK - I'M THE ONE WHO SAYS WHETHER YOU LIVE OR DIE! AND WHILE YOU LIVE, YOU HUNT - AND WHILE YOU HUNT -- YOU CATCH IVORY FOR CONGO SMITH! THERE'S JUST ONE POWER IN RUANDA -- HERE!

YOU 'EARD 'IM!
START TRACKIN'!

The trading post of Smith and Gubbins was located deep in Ruanda -- the one remaining part of Africa that knew neither map-makers, missionaries, nor military police! Dozens of native elephant hunters had been mercilessly flogged or shot to death for trying to hide tusks from Smith and Gubbins -- because they traded in ivory, and nothing else mattered -- either in this world, or beyond! But what "BEYOND" can mean -- what creeping terror it can hold -- was something the partners had yet to learn!

Odeon Whitney

POWER! IN FISTS THAT COULD SHATTER COCONUTS -- POWER IN RHINOCEROS-HIDE WHIPS AND GLEAMING SIDE ARMS! BUT WAIT...

HAAGN! THERE'S THE KIND OF POWER THESE VERMIN UNDERSTAND, LIMEY! AND HERE'S THE KIND THE WORLD UNDER-STANPS -- **IVORY!** HEAPS OF IT, CONGO-TONS OF IT -- AND MORE TO COME!

CRAK!

AND IF NYOKO, THE WITCH DOCTOR, COULD LISTEN -- AND SOME SAY HE COULD ALWAYS LISTEN -- HE WOULD INDO SLOWLY IN THE BLUISH MURK OF HIS HUT? YES, THERE WAS MORE TO COME! A STRANGE, STRANGE POWER ... AND STRANGE, STRANGE IVORY...



WAIT, CONGO! WAIT, LIMEY! IT STARTS HERE -- IN THIS MOMENT!...

BUZZARDS! BLAST THEIR EYES, THERE'S BEEN A KILL MADE -- AND NO IVORY REPORTED!



BREATHING HARD, CONGO AND LIMEY
STRODE INTO THE JUNGLE -- AND
THERE --

THE BLIGHTERS
SAVED THE TUSKS
OFF! CHEATIN'
THAT'S WOT
IT IS!

I WANT TO SAVE
JUST ONE OR 'EM!
I WANT TO SAVE
HIM AND BEAT HIM
TO WITHIN AN INCH
OF HIS LIFE--UNTIL
HE TALKS!



THAT MUMBLIN' WITCH
DOCTOR'S UP TO NO GOOD,
CONGO! HE'S USIN' THOSE
TUSKS FOR THAT HEATHEN
MAGIC OF HIS-- THAT'S
WOT!

I WARNED HIM!
NOW NYOKO'S GOING
TO NEED HIS
MAGIC--PLenty
OF IT!



NO NATIVE DARED APPROACH NYOKO'S HUT ... BUT SMITH
AND GUBBINS? THEY SNEERED-- THEY HAD POWER!

ELEPHANTS THAT DWELL IN THE REALM OF THE MIST
GODS - ELEPHANTS THAT THE WHITE MAN HAS FORCED
US TO KILL - FORGIVE US! GREAT ONES OF THE JUNGLE -
AGAIN NYOKO BURNS THE NEW MOON SACRIFICE!
AGAIN NYOKO OFFERS THE SMOKE
OF POWDERED IVORY!

GRINDING UP TUSKS ALL
THIS WHILE, HAH - TUSKS
THAT SHOULD BE OURS!
THAT'S ALL I WANTED
TO HEAR!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BLACK WHIP THUDDED DOWN -- AND
THE SMOKE OF POWDERED IVORY SWIRLED OVER THE
BATTERED FORM OF NYOKO ...



AND WHEN CONGO'S ARM GREW TIRED -- AND THE
SMOKE OF POWDERED IVORY HAD DRIFTED IN FAINT
STRANDS THRUOUG THE JUNGLE --



A MOMENT LATER-- LIKE THE FAR-OFF RUMBLE OF HIDDEN DRUMS--

THEN -- THUDDING FROM THE BUSH --

BOOM!
BOOM!

THUNDER!
ABOUT TIME THIS BLISTERING DRY SEASON ENDED, LIMEY!

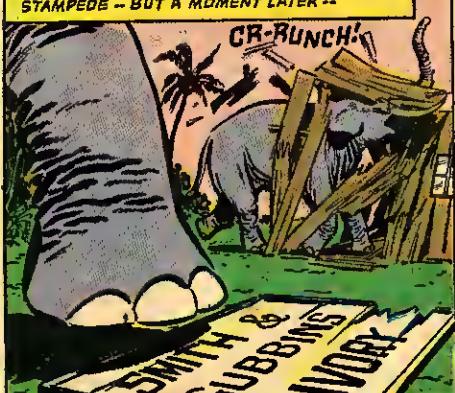
THAT'S NO BLEEDIN' THUNDER! IT'S GETTIN' LOUDER, THAT'S WOT-- THE JUNGLE'S SWAYIN' LIKE AN INCOMIN' WAVE!

CRASH!



NOT A SINGLE STRAW IN THE THATCHING OF THE NATIVE HUTS WAS STIRRED BY THE HEADLONG STAMPEDE -- BUT A MOMENT LATER --

CR-RUNCH!



AS THE TUSKERS WHEELED -- FADING INTO THE BLURRED MISTS OF THE JUNGLE --

WHY'D IT 'APPEN TO US, CONGO? AND WHY'D IT 'APPEN RIGHT AFTER WUT NYOKO SAID WHEN HE WAS DYIN'?

ALL RIGHT -- SUPPOSE THEY WERE THE ELEPHANTS NYOKO MENTIONED? THERE'S TONS OF IVORY IN THAT HERD! THIS TIME WE'LL GO AFTER IT DURSELVES -- WITH REPEATING RIFLES!



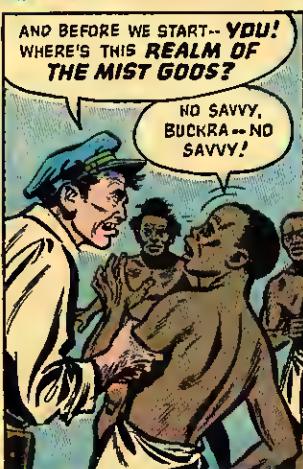
AND BEFORE WE START-- YOU! WHERE'S THIS REALM OF THE MIST GODS?

NO SAVVY,
BUCKRA -- NO SAVVY!

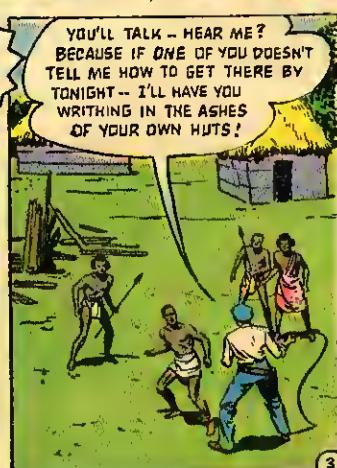
DON'T LIE, YOU VERMIN -- YOU'VE BEEN THERE!

NO, BUCKRA!
NEVER-- NEVER!

WAK!



YOU'LL TALK - HEAR ME?
BECAUSE IF ONE OF YOU DOESN'T TELL ME HOW TO GET THERE BY TONIGHT -- I'LL HAVE YOU WRITHING IN THE ASHES OF YOUR OWN HUTS!



**THAT NIGHT - WITH CONGO READY
TO CARRY OUT HIS THREAT --**

LOOKS LIKE A NATIVE WITH A LANTERN, CONGO -- BUT THEY NEVER GO OUT AFTER SUNSET! THEY'RE **AFRAID** TO!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA WHY THIS ONE'S OUT! HE'S TRACKING THAT ELEPHANT HERD -- AND HE WOULDN'T BOTHER DOING IT IF HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO REACH THE REALM OF THE MIST GODS!

WHERE IS IT?
HOW FAR?

HOT FAR! FOR YOU,
BUCKRA -- **NOT FAR!**
I'LL TELL YOU -- THE DIRECTION --



THERE'S NOTHING CONGO SMITH CAN'T FIND OUT! WE'LL LEAVE NOW, LIMEY -- SO WE CAN REACH THE ELEPHANTS BY DAWN!

THE REALM OF THE MIST GODS!
IT IS WELL, NYOKD -- **IT IS WELL!**

ALL THAT NIGHT, CARRYING THEIR HEAVY ELEPHANT GUNS, CONGO AND LIMEY PUSHED THROUGH A SULTRY DOMAIN OF SILENCE -- THE DARKNESS LIKE A FORMLESS BLACK THING THAT PROWLED BESIDE THEM...

BUT WHEN THE SUN ROSE -- SCREENED BY A THICK MATTING OF FOLIAGE --

CAN'T BE MUCH FURTHER! WE'LL KEEP HEADING NORTHEAST!

WOT! NOW LOOK 'ERE, CONGO -- NORTHEAST IS THAT W'y!



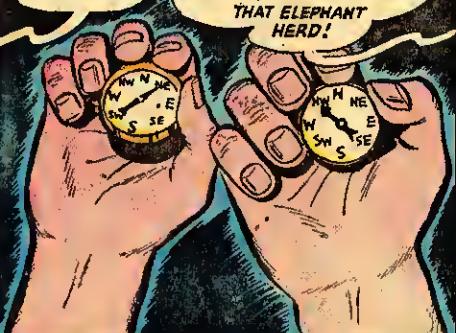
WHY'NT THEY JIBE, CONGO? WHY'RE THEY POINTIN' IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS? BLIMEY -- I DON'T LIKE THIS, I DON'T!

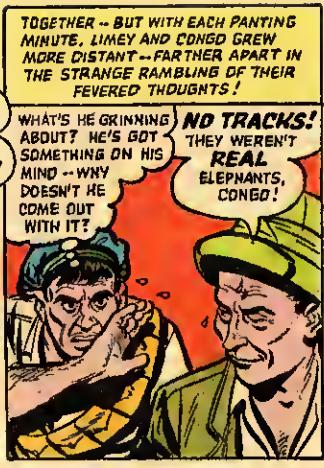
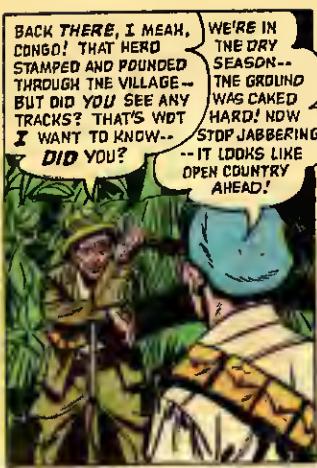
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? SOONER OR LATER, WE'RE BOUND TO COME ACROSS SOMETHING THAT WILL LEAD US STRAIGHT BACK TO THE VILLAGE -- THE TRACKS OF THAT ELEPHANT HERD!

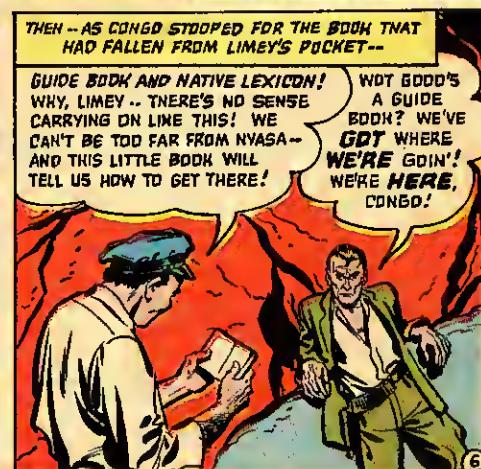
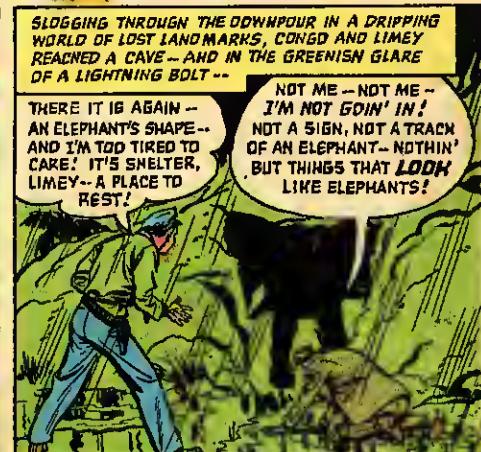
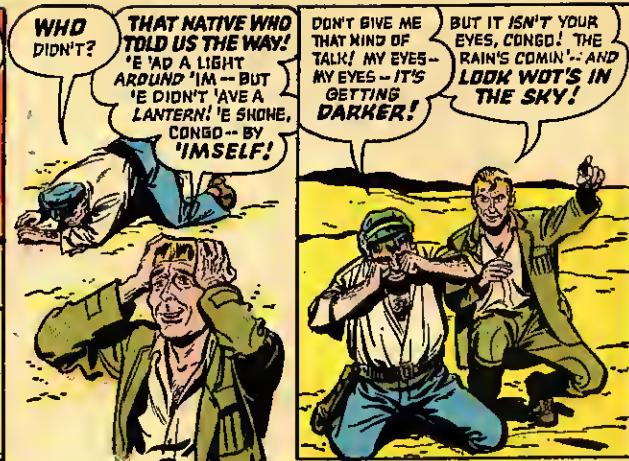
FOUR HOURS PASSED -- FOUR HOURS IN A WORLD IN WHICH NOTHING MOVED BUT THE MIST! MIST WITH THE FAINT ACRID TOUCH OF SMOKE -- THE SMOKE OF POWDERED IVORY!

NO TRACKS! NO BLEEDIN' TRACKS!

WE'LL FIND 'EM, I TELL YOU!
SHUT UP!







HOW MANY MILES TO NYASAY? RUNNING HIS FINGER DOWN THE PAGE, CONGO PAUSED—HIS BUDDSHOT EYES FIXED ON AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER!

believed extinct...

Ny-ók-D—a name meaning "elephant king." Used by witch doctors with supposed control over the spirits of slain elephants....

NYOKO!

NEH-HEH! THE OTHER NATIVES DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THE REALM OF THE MIST GODS WAS, CONGO!



BUT WE FOUND YES--FROM 'IM! DIT, DIDN'T 'E CAME BACK TO TELL US, CONGO! NO LIVING NATIVE COULD DO IT—AND 'E WANTED TO BE SURE WE'D GET HERE!

SMAK!



STOP JABBERING!
STOP-- YOU HEAR ME?

HA-HA!

THE REALM OF THE MIST GODS! EVERYONE GETS HERE SOONER OR LATER, CONGO—BUT WE TOOK A BLOOMIN' SHORT CUT--TO DEATH!

MIXED FEAR AND RAGE CAN BE A TERRIBLE THING IN A MAN LIKE CONGO--A MAN WITH A FIST THAT CAN SHATTER COCONUTS!

MAYBE NOW YOU'LL QUIT,
HAH?

POW!

CRAH!



AND IF NYOKD WERE HERE -- AND SOME SAY HE WAS ALWAYS HERE -- HE WOULD NOD SLOWLY...

YES, BUCKRA -- SAY SOMETHING, LIMEY--YOU
LIMEY GUBBINS HAS QUIT!

KNOW I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU SO HARD! BUT HERE WE'VE BEEN LOST LORD KNOWS HOW LONG, MATEY -- AND THEN ON TOP OF IT, ALL THIS TALK--ABOUT DEATH!

IT WAS EASIER TO HEAR THINGS, NOW THAT CONGO SMITH WAS ALONE... THE RAIN HISSED DOWN LIKE A CHORUS OF MUTED WHISPERS -- AND THE MORE CONGO LISTENED --

IT SOUNDS LIKE HIM!
STILL TALKING CRAZY--TRYING
TO GET ME THAT WAY!

YOU'RE THE MASTER, CONGO!
WHIP THOSE RAIN DROPS!
SHOOT THAT LIGHTNING!
YOU'VE GOT THE POWER!



THE LITTLE WEASEL .. THINKS
HE CAN KEEP ON SAYING THINGS
JUST BECAUSE HE'S **DEAD**, EH?
I'LL PRETEND I DON'T HEAR
HIM -- I'LL MAKE OUT
I'M ASLEEP!

AN ETERNITY
COULD HAVE PASSED
IN THE SINGLE
FLICKER OF
CONGO'S HEAVY
EYELIDS --
AND PERHAPS
IT DID!
THE LIGHTNING
FADED AS IF
IT HAD BEEN
SNUFFED OUT
BY A BLACK
AND
GROPING
HAND--
AND AS
CONGO
SLOWLY
TURNED
HIS
HEAD--

LOTS OF IVORY
HERE, NYOKO!

MORE IVORY THAN
ANYWHERE IN THE
WORLD, LIMEY
GUBBINS!

NO ONE'S EVER
FOUND IT BUT YOU
AND ME,
NYOKO!

SO THAT'S IT ... THE TWO
OF 'EM PLOTTING AND SCHEMING
TO GET ME OUT HERE -- DRIVE
ME BALMY BY INCHES -- AND
KEEP THE IVORY FOR
THEMSELVES!

THE STRANGE VOICES DRONED ON AS CONGO
STALKED THROUGH THE DAVE -- WHEN SUDDENLY --

I REMEMBER THAT ONE, NYOKO -- I
SHOT 'IM MYSELF! THOSE THREE OVER
THERE WERE KILLED BY CONGO... THEY
ALWAYS DIED SLOW WHEN CONGO
KILLED 'EM ... BUT BY RIGHTS
IT'S CONGO'S IVORY ...

HUUUCH!

LIMEY! ... THEN --
WHO'S THAT --
TALKING?

I'M GOIN' TO SPEND THE
NEXT MILLION YEARS
BURYIN' THIS IVORY, NYOKO!
IT **OUGHT** TO BE BURIED
... WE MUSTN'T LET
CONGO FIND IT...

THEN -- WHILE CONGO STARED IN MUTE HORROR --

HEAPS OF IT
CONGO -- TONS
OF IT!

AND MORE TO
COME, CONGO!

WHILE WE LIVED --
WE HUNTED!
WE HUNTED FOR
YOU, BUCKRA!

YAAAGH!
THEY'RE IVORY...
IVORY -- THE
NATIVES WE
KILLED!

AND NOW AGAIN THE JUNGLE SWAYED
UNDER A HEADLONG RUSH -- THE
BELLOWING CHARGE OF A MAN WHOSE
LAST MADDENED BURST OF POWER
LEVELLED THE UNDERGROWTH IN
HIS PATH!

THEY WON'T GET
ME -- THEY WON'T GET
ME! THOSE THINGS THAT
LOOKED LIKE ELEPHANTS
WERE ALL IN LIMEY'S HEAD
-- BUT I'M NOT CRAZY!

A FAINT BREEZE STIRRED THE FOLIAGE --
A BREEZE BEARING THE ACRID SMOKE OF
POWDERED IVORY -- AND HERE, WITH
THE DULL GLEAM OF DAWN ON THEIR
POLISHED CURVES --

IVORY...
IVORY, HAH?

LIMEY - NYOKO --
I'LL SHOW YOU
YOU CAN'T FOOL
ME!

FOR AN INSTANT, A SCREAMING, CLAWING MAN AND AN
IMMENSE GREY CREATURE WHIRLED IN A SPASM OF
VIOLENCE! THEN --

WOAAAGH!

BLAM!

A MOMENT LATER -- FROM A NEARBY CLEARING --

BACK--BACH!

HEAVY-FOOTED BRUTE --
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
TO THE BUCKRA?

NOT FAR, CONGO! NOT FAR, BUCKRA! NOT FAR TO THE
REALM OF THE MIST GODS!

IN THE THIRTY YEARS SINCE
OUR GREAT FRIEND NYOKO GAVE
US THIS ELEPHANT -- NEVER
HAS IT HARMED ANYONE!
BUT CAN IT BE DANGEROUS
-- A KILLER?

NO -- A WITCH
DOCTOR LIKE NYOKO
WOULD HAVE KNOWN!
PERHAPS HE WAS A BAD
MAN ... PERHAPS IT
WAS WRITTEN...

The End

WATCHFUL UNCLE

"CYNTHIA! Whom are you talking to up there? Come down here this very minute!"

Cynthia Amberley stepped timidly out of her room, clutching her doll tight against her heart, and stood at the head of the stairs, looking fearfully down at her cousin Roger. "I . . . I was just talking to Uncle Jack," she stammered out, "He was telling me ghost stories."

Roger glared up at her impatiently. "That's nonsense," he almost shouted. "How many times must I tell you that Uncle Jack has been dead a whole week? Now stop your fairy tales and come down here—hurry! *Run!*"

Galvanized into action by the shouted command, Cynthia began scrambling down the steep stairs as fast as she could, without even holding onto the bannisters. As she neared the step across which Roger had tied the thin but strong length of piano wire, his eyes took on an avid gleam. He could already see, in his mind's eye, Cynthia's ankle catching the wire, the hurtling little body crashing down the steep stairwell, the prone figure lying at the bottom in the unmistakable position of those who have died of a broken neck. At last he would be revenged on the uncle who had thwarted him out of an enormous inheritance, who had left all his wealth to this despicable little snip of a girl.

Yes, *he*—Roger Amberley—would fall heir to the family wealth as soon as Cynthia tripped on the—*WAIT!* "It . . . it can't be," Roger thought in desperation. "I . . . I'm seeing things—

that white wisp of vapor didn't suddenly appear and lift Cynthia's foot over the wire!"

But it *must* have been, for here was Cynthia skipping safely down the rest of the stairs and stopping docilely in front of him. Roger Amberley passed a shaking hand over his forehead, and knew that his nerves were shot—he'd have to get rid of the girl before he *really* went batty! And he knew the best, most foolproof way!

Willingly, Cynthia accompanied him to the attic, where he stopped in front of the huge trunk with the massive iron top. It took all his strength to pull the lid creakingly up, and then he said, in his most amiable voice, "Look inside, Cynthia. There's a surprise in there for you!"

Eagerly, Cynthia stooped over the dim interior of the trunk, and just as Roger was about to push her, he was halted by her cry of delight. "Oh, UNCLE JACK—this is a wonderful surprise! But what are you doing in here?"

Stunned for a moment, Roger recovered his wits and roughly pushed the girl aside. "Uncle Jack?—You're out of your mind, Cynthia! Here—let me see what's inside!"

The interior of the trunk was shadowy and dark, and Roger had to thrust his head further into it before he could make out what that vague, amorphous white shape really was. But when he did find out, it was too late—for the grinning, wraith had reached up suddenly and slammed the massive lid down upon him forever.

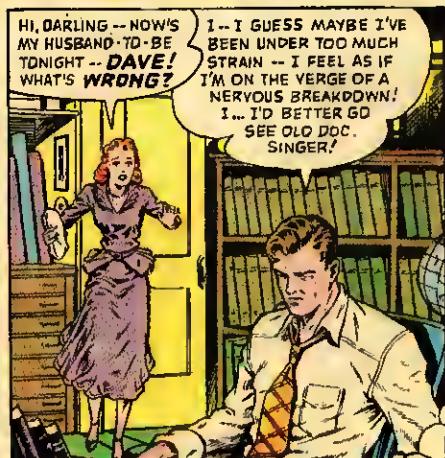
MAP of MAGIC

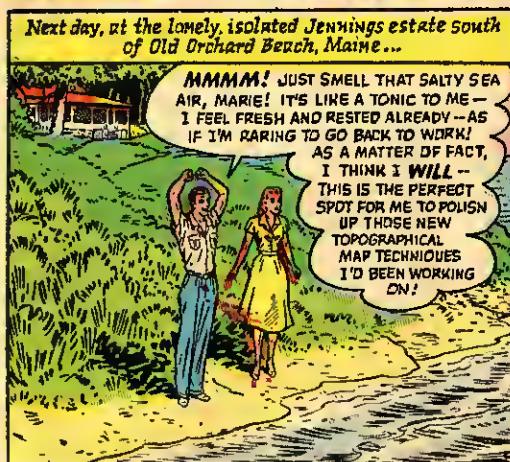
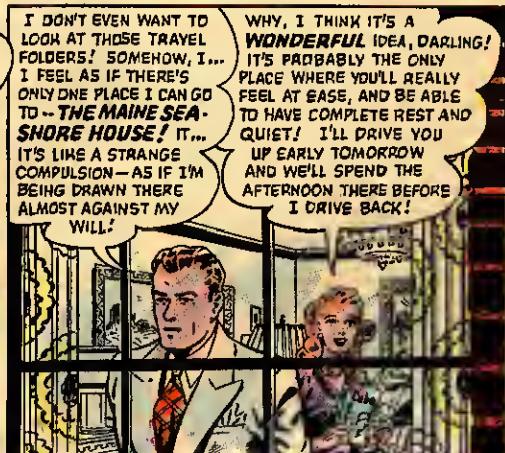
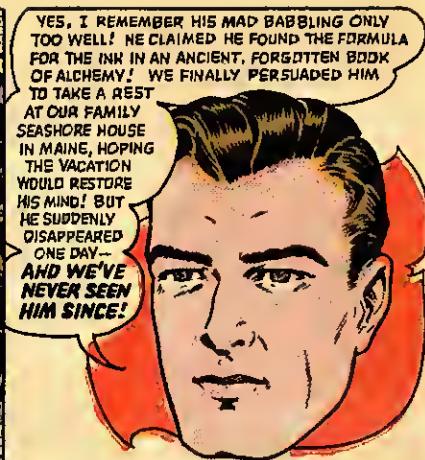
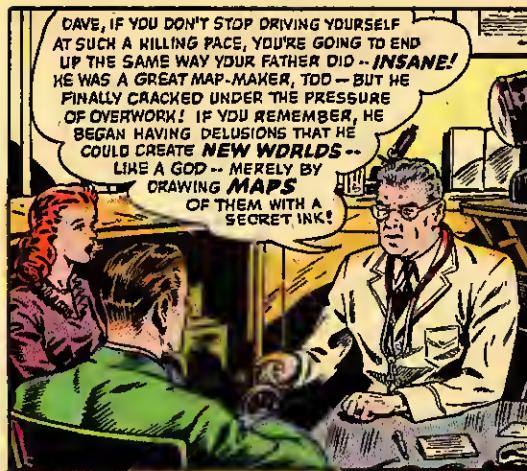


Our story opens late one night in the office of David Jennings, one of the most brilliant young map-makers in the country...



HI, DARLING -- NOW'S
MY HUSBAND-TO-BE
TONIGHT -- DAVE!
WHAT'S WRONG?





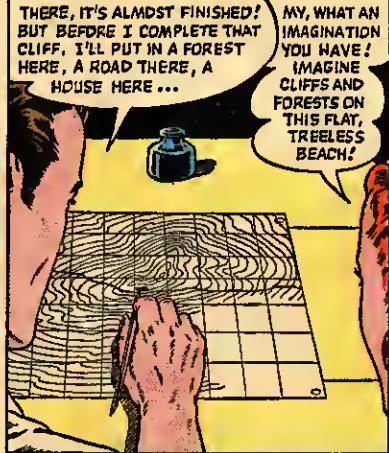
MIGHT AS WELL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE WARM WEATHER AND WORK OUT HERE IN THE SUN! NOW LET'S SEE... I HAD TROUBLE IN ADAPTING MY NEW TECHNIQUE TO MAPS OF STEEP, MOUNTAINOUS AREAS, SO I'LL JUST IMAGINE SUCH A TERRITORY--AND DRAW A TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF IT, AS IF IT

REALLY EXISTED!

I LOVE WATCHING YOU AT WORK, DARLING! I'LL JUST STAY UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED THIS MAP!

THERE, IT'S ALMOST FINISHED! BUT BEFORE I COMPLETE THAT CLIFF, I'LL PUT IN A FOREST HERE, A ROAD THERE, A HOUSE HERE...

MY, WHAT AN IMAGINATION YOU HAVE! IMAGINE CLIFFS AND FORESTS ON THIS FLAT, TREELESS BEACH!



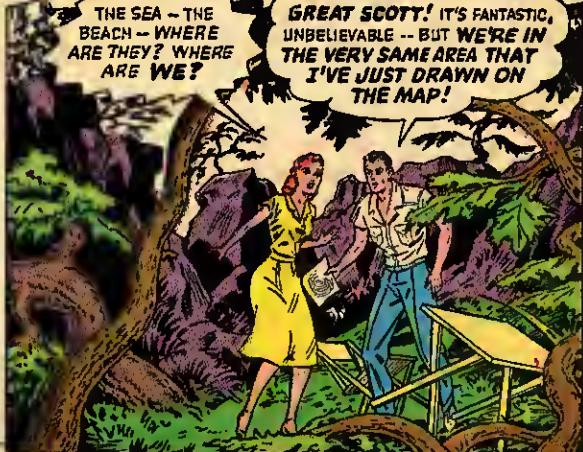
But then, as Marie looks up from the drawing board ...

OH, N-NO!
DAVE--
LOOK!



THE SEA -- THE BEACH -- WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE ARE WE?

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S FANTASTIC, UNBELIEVABLE -- BUT WE'RE IN THE VERY SAME AREA THAT I'VE JUST DRAWN ON THE MAP!



IF... IF WE BOTH SEE IT, THEN IT CAN'T BE AN HALLUCINATION! DAVE, I... I'M FRIGHTENED -- TAKE ME AWAY FROM HERE!

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT--BOTH OF US COULDN'T HAVE GONE MAD SIMULTANEOUSLY! AND IF THIS WORLD IS REAL, THEN I CREATED IT -- LIKE A GOD -- MERELY BY DRAWING A MAP OF IT! -- WAIT -- NOW I UNDERSTAND!



DAD WASN'T INSANE -- HE DID LEARN THE SECRET OF FORMING NEW WORLDS BY MAPPING THEM OUT WITH THAT SPECIAL INK HE DISCOVERED-- THE INK THAT MUST'VE BEEN IN THE BOTTLE I JUST USED! THIS IS THE GREATEST EVENT OF THE AGE -- AND JUST THINK -- WE'LL BE THE VERY FIRST TO EXPLORE THIS NEW WORLD!

EXPLORE?
OH, NO, DAVE--
NO! THERE'S NO TELLING WHO -- OR
WHAT IS WAITING FOR US UP IN THOSE WILD MOUNTAINS!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE -- FAST!



NONSENSE, DARLING -- HOW CAN THIS AREA BE INHABITED WHEN IT'S JUST BEEN CREATED? THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, BUT YOU CAN WAIT FOR ME HERE, IF YOU LIKE! I'LL JUST TAKE THIS MAP ALONG IN CASE I GET LOST, AND --

NO, DAVE --
WAIT! DON'T
LEAVE ME
HERE
ALONE--I'LL
COME WITH
YOU!

And so began that
strangest of all
explorations -- that
journey into a
land created by
mysterious, occult
forces -- that
ADVENTURE INTO
THE UNKNOWN!

DAVE -- THOSE TREES -- I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY LIKE THEM BEFORE! THEY ... THEY LOOK QUEER!

THEY'RE OF A SPECIES THAT EXISTED ONLY IN MEDIEVAL EUROPE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING HERE -- I DREW SOME WOODS ON THE MAP, BUT I CERTAINLY DIDN'T HAVE IN MIND TREES THAT HAVE BEEN EXTINCT SINCE THE DARK AGES!

AND DAVE --
LOOK!
THAT... THAT
CASTLE!

WHY, THAT'S THE
EXACT SPOT WHERE
I PUT A HOUSE ON
THE MAP! BUT I DIDN'T
SPECIFY WHAT KIND
OF A HOUSE!

YES, AND YOU DIDN'T PUT DOWN YOUR ORDER FOR THE KIND OF INHABITANTS OF THAT HOUSE -- OF THAT ANCIENT, HIDEOUS CASTLE! HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS WHO OR WHAT LIVES THERE! LET'S LEAVE, DARLING -- NOW!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!
THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WE MAY BE BLUNDERING INTO! WE'LL TURN BACK -- WAIT -- THAT... THAT VOICE!

GO
BA-A-ACK
!!!

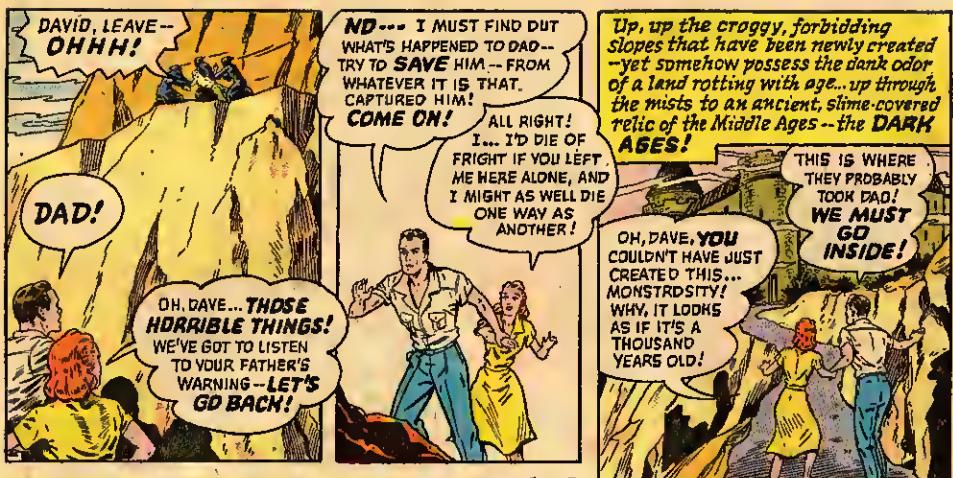
GO BACK --
BACK!
DEATH AWAITS
YOU HERE --
GO BACK!

OHHH!

NO, IT CAN'T
BE -- BUT IT IS!
THAT'S DAD!
HE'S ALIVE!
DAD -- IT'S ME
-- DAVE!

For a moment, the figure atop the cliff peers unbelievably down ... and then, with a renewed tone of wild terror...

SON -- YOU? GO, GO BACK...
GO BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO
LATE -- BEFORE THEY
GET YOU!



The castle door creaks back on hinges unused for centuries...and inside, the pair's footsteps echo hollowly, emptily, in a huge cavern of silent shadows--shadows that suddenly move, and become tentacle-like arms...



DAD -- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? OH, YES, AND YOU ALL THOUGHT I WAS INSANE, TOO! NO ONE BELIEVED ME WHEN I TOLD OF MY DISCOVERY OF THE ALCHEMISTS' SECRET FORMULA FOR THE INK! SO WE'VE ALL THOUGHT YOU'RE ALIVE -- WE'D ALL THOUGHT YOU DIED YEARS AGO!

YES, AND YOU ALL THOUGHT I WAS INSANE, TOO! NO ONE BELIEVED ME WHEN I TOLD OF MY DISCOVERY OF THE ALCHEMISTS' SECRET FORMULA FOR THE INK! SO WHEN YOU PACKED ME OFF TO THE SEASHORE FOR AN ENFORCED REST, I TRIED IT OUT -- I DREW A MAP, EXPLORED THE TERRITORY I CREATED -- AND WAS CAPTURED BY THESE ALCHEMISTS!

ALCHEMISTS?

THEY AREN'T REALLY ALIVE -- YET! CENTURIES AGO, THEIR STUDIES IN SATANISM AND MEDIEVAL SORCERERS? BUT HOW CAN THEY BE ALIVE -- AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES?

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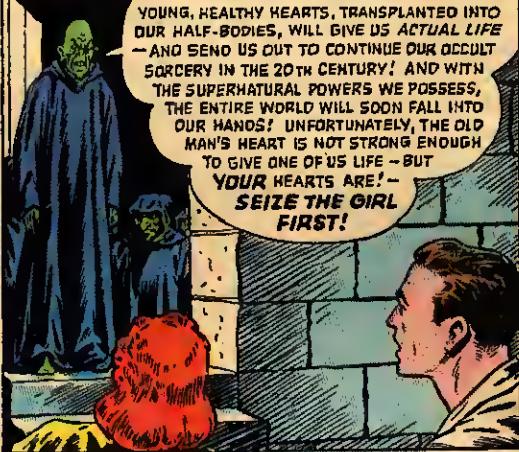


-- BECAUSE AS SOON AS A MAP WAS DRAWN WITH THAT INK, THEY WOULD BE REVIVED AND WOULD LIVE IN THE WORLD THAT WAS CREATED! BUT THEY STILL AREN'T TRULY ALIVE -- THEY'RE IN A TWILIGHT WORLD BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, AND "LIVE" ONLY AS LONG AS THIS HALF-EXISTENT WORLD EXISTS! IN ORDER TO BECOME ALIVE IN OUR WORLD -- THE REAL WORLD -- THEY NEED JUST ONE THING -- THE HUMAN HEART!

YES -- THE LIVING, PULSING, HUMAN HEART!

YOUNG, HEALTHY HEARTS, TRANSPLANTED INTO OUR HALF-BODIES, WILL GIVE US ACTUAL LIFE -- AND SEND US OUT TO CONTINUE OUR OCCULT SORCERY IN THE 20TH CENTURY! AND WITH THE SUPERNATURAL POWERS WE POSSESS, THE ENTIRE WORLD WILL SOON FALL INTO OUR HANDS! UNFORTUNATELY, THE OLD MAN'S HEART IS NOT STRONG ENOUGH

TO GIVE ONE OF US LIFE -- BUT YOUR HEARTS ARE! -- SEIZE THE GIRL FIRST!



Minutes later...

SOON YOUR HEART WILL BEAT IN
MY BODY - AND I WILL **LIVE**
AGAIN! THEN, WHEN I DESCEND TO YOUR WORLD,
THE REAL WORLD, I WILL ARRANGE TO SEND OTHER
HUMANS BACK HERE, SO THAT THE REST OF MY
ASSISTANTS CAN JOIN ME! THEN - **ALL EARTH**
WILL BE OURS!

YOU...YOU
DEMONS!



THE DOOR'S LOCKED -
AND THERE'S NO
OTHER WAY OUT OF
HERE! HEAVEN
HELP THE POOR
GIRL!

I'VE GOT TO HELP HER -
I GOT HER INTO THIS! OH,
IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME-
THING I COULD **DO**... SOME
WAY OF GETTING DOWN
THERE - **WAIT!** I'VE
GOT IT - THE
MAP!

HELP!

LUCKY I TOOK IT ALONG WITH ME -- BECAUSE
IF I **CREATED** THIS CASTLE BY DRAWING THIS
MAP, I CAN ALSO **DESTROY** IT! BUT I'LL HAVE
TO BE VERY CAREFUL I DON'T DESTROY **US**
ALONG WITH THE CASTLE! FIRST, I'LL WET
MY FINGER ...

... THEN I'LL JUST BARELY TOUCH MY
FINGER TO THE SPOT ON THE MAP WHERE
THE CASTLE STANDS - AND PRAY THAT
THE INK ISN'T WATERPROOF --

LOOK OUT, DAD!



As David Jennings' moist forefinger
presses against the map...

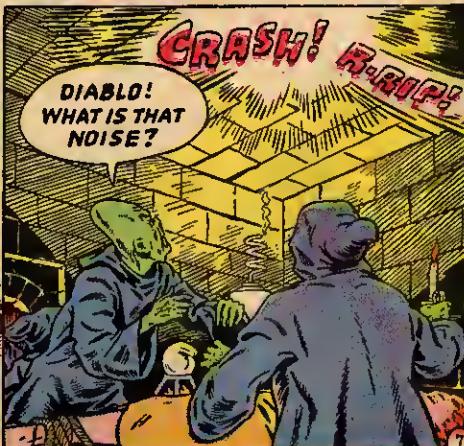
IT WORKED!

CRASH!

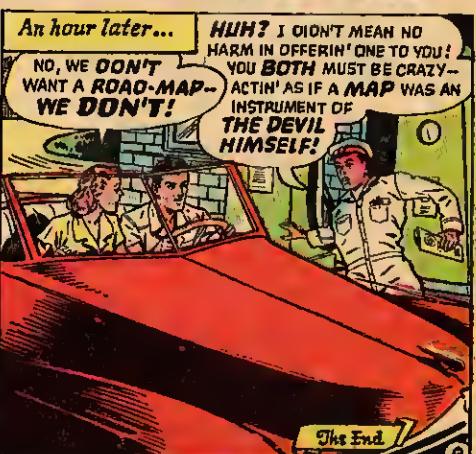
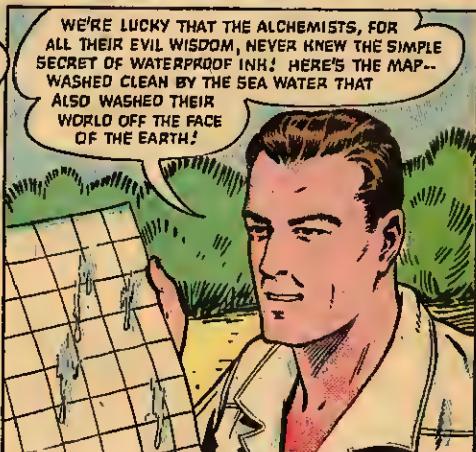
MY FINGER'S
ERASING THE TOP
OF THE CASTLE -- AND
LOOK! THERE...
THERE'S MY
FINGER - POKING
THROUGH THE
ROOF!

DIABLO!
WHAT IS THAT
NOISE?

CRASH! CRASH!









EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

IT'S midnight, reader. Outside, where all is blackness, the wind is howling like a banshee. It's a night for spirits, for eerie whispers from out of the *Unknown*, so—let's talk it over!

We've got a lot to talk over this time. For instance, let's discuss the banner issue of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" that you've been reading. This time we've gone all out to bring you a star-studded lineup of super-thrillers that should hit a new high—because they're what you've asked for! Our experts have culled the field—and come up with an exciting variety of tense tales straight out of the chilling *Unknown* itself! There's "*Marriage of Death*," for instance—we'll bet you never thought of death as a person, nor dreamed of the strange adventures which would befall the woman of his choice! And for mysterious, other-worldly forces—well, you'll have to go far before encountering anything like "*Realm of the Mist Gods*!" Then, for grip-

ping imagination run riot, just cast your eyes over "*Map of Magic*"—and learn what happened to a man who made his own world—only to have it turn on him! Reading on, you'll find that the ocean itself can be haunted—as it was by that weird, formless specter called "*The Eel*!" And you'll chill to "*The Look of Death*"—as strange and fascinating a yarn as you'll ever meet!

They're all yours—for thrills and gasps! And we hope you like them, because this is one magazine that's tailor-made for *you*! If they're what you want, tell us so—and if you don't like them, let us know *that*, too! You're the folks we want to hear from, with full reports on your preferences. Many of you have been sending in your reactions, and we're grateful for them, since they help us in shaping this, your exclusive publication. We're pleased and proud at what we've been hearing—and we know you'll bear with us while we bring you a few samples of the correspondence which has been pouring in on us. Take a deep breath, and—let's go!

"Dear Editor:—

I have read a good many comics in my life, but none has been as good as '*Adventures Into The Unknown*'. I think this book is *tops*, and that is putting it mildly, very mildly. I think it is *great*! It's—well, I think it's just *wonderful*! You ought to write more stories like '*Shadow of the Panther*', '*When The Shaman Walked*', and '*The Thing at the Bottom of the Sea*'. They all help to make the best book that anyone ever read! Keep up the great work!

—H. Beatrice Williams, Detroit, Mich."

"Dear Editor:—

Recently I subscribed for twelve issues of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" and have been receiving my regular bimonthly issues. However, you will recall that I also enclosed an extra twenty cents for the first two issues that were published. I have read other readers' letters about how they enjoyed such stories as '*The Living Ghost*', '*The Werewolf Stalks*', '*The Old Tower's Secret*' and '*The Castle of Otranto*'. These sound like just the type of stories that I go for, but I would like to read them and find out. I have also been in suspense wondering what this '*Living Ghost*' is that everyone is raving about. . . . Up to now, no one has bothered to mention the covers of your book. Your covers are a work of art, with each one the basis for a complete adventure into the unknown for a reader with a good imagination. Just keep the stories as good as the cover and I'll be happy!

—James Parry, East Syracuse, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:—

Out of all the suspense books I have read, I really enjoy your magazine the best. It really keeps you in suspense! All my friends read it, too, and I wish that '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' could come out monthly instead of bimonthly. . . . I wish to say, on behalf of my friends and myself—keep up the good work!

—M. Sullivan, New York, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:—

I have read many comic books, but I have never found one that has held my attention as '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' does. I watch the stands so that I won't miss an issue. To avoid this, I am sending \$1.20 for a year's subscription. Thank you.

—Helen Lewis, Rock Springs, Wyoming."

Thanks, fans! And the rest of you folks—how's about hearing from *you*?"

The EEL



It is written: "What man does not know... what he cannot control... **HE FEARS!**" Tom Stubbs, deep-sea diver, could never know, never control, but only, finally, come to fear the unknown powers of the dread ocean tide that was called... **THE EEL!**

STUBBS AND HIS PARTY CAME TO THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND OF GIRUA IN SEARCH OF...

SUNKEN TREASURE. YOU ARE DIVERS, SEÑOR--WE ARE ISLANDERS, BUT DIVERS, TOO! ONE WORD OF WARNING... **BEAWE OF... THE EEL!**

THE EEL IS THE MOST TREACHEROUS, POWERFUL CURRENT ON THE SEVEN SEAS! HE COMES AND GOES--ATTACKS AND KILLS--LIKE SOMETHING **ALIVE!** HE HAS SUPERNATURAL POWERS--**UNKNOWN POWERS!**

SO BEWARE OF THE WRATH OF THAT ALL-POWERFUL TIDE... **THE EEL!**

BAH! THAT'S **SPOOK STUFF!** THIS HEAVY DIVING SUIT IS ALL I NEED AGAINST ANY CURRENT IN THE WORLD! I'M GOING DOWN AFTER THAT TREASURE!



TOM STUBBS SLIPPED UNDER-WATER... AND THE SHALLOW FLOOR OF THE MOTIONLESS SEA WAS LIKE A BOTTOMLESS BOG, EMBRACING HIM, SUCKING HIM DEEP!



HE WENT UNDER, ROLLED FREE, WAS SUCKED DOWN AGAIN, FOUGHT HIS WAY UP... AND STAGGERED AHEAD...



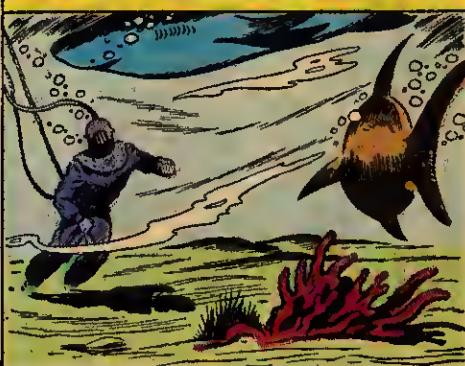
THEN... IN HIS PATH... A GIANT SEA CLAM! IT LOOKED HARMLESS, JUST ANOTHER FOSSIL OF THE DEEP-- UNTIL THE GAPPING JAWS SLAMMED SHUT!



TOM STUBBS HACKED WITH HIS THIN-BLADED KNIFE UNTIL THE BREATH WAS DRY AND GASPING IN HIS THROAT AND PERSPIRATION SHADED THE WINDOW OF HIS HELMET... PRYING, TEARING HIMSELF LOOSE...



SLOWLY, HE DREW CLOSER TO THE SUBMERGED TREASURE-SHIP... AND SUDDENLY, THE CLUB-LIKE HEAD OF THE SHARK CAME AT HIM FROM THE DARK SHADOWS... FIERCELY, HUNGRILY, TEETH BARED...



AT CLOSE QUARTERS, STUBBS STRUCK AGAIN AND AGAIN... PRAYING THAT HIS LINES WOULD REMAIN CLEAR! AT LAST THE SHARK WAS DEAD...



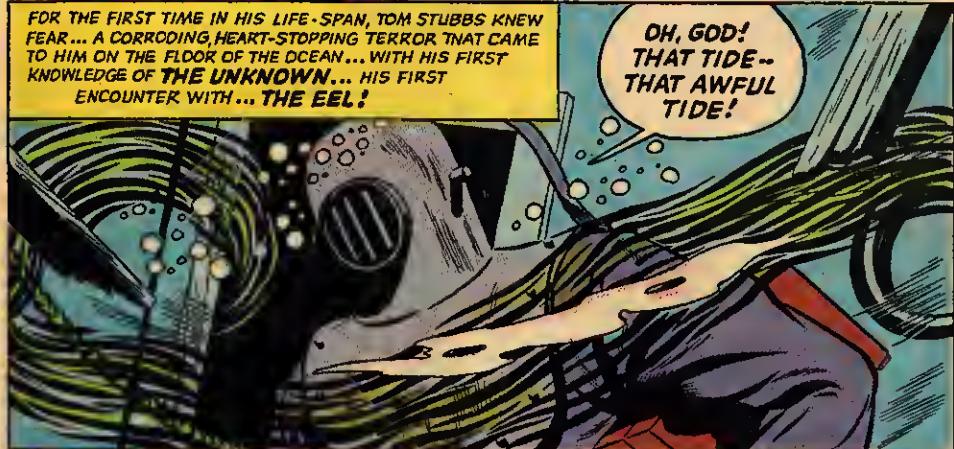
HE MADE HIS WAY TO THE SIDE OF THE SUNKEN TREASURE SHIP...



WHEW... THAT TRIP WAS ROUGH... BUT REAL! NOTHING SUPERNATURAL THERE! THE UNKNOWN... THE EEL-- PHOOEY! HOW TO GET BELOW!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE-SPAN, TOM STUBBS KNEW FEAR... A CORRODING, HEART-STOPPING TERROR THAT CAME TO HIM ON THE FLOOR OF THE OCEAN... WITH HIS FIRST KNOWLEDGE OF **THE UNKNOWN**... HIS FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH... **THE EEL!**



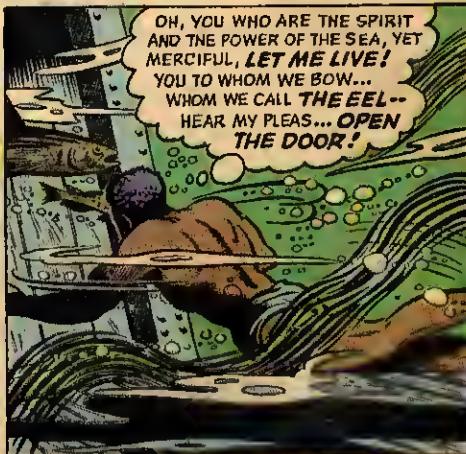
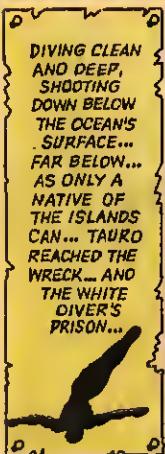
MEANWHILE, ABOVE, THE TIME DRAGGED ON, AND TENSION GREW...

WE'RE NOT GETTING ANY MORE SIGNALS FROM TOM, CHIEF, AND WE CAN'T GET THROUGH TO HIM! I'M AFRAID...

FEAR NOT, MY FRIEND! I WILL SEND MY SON, TAURO, TO FIND HIM!

GO, SON, WITH MY BLESSING... MAY THE EEL SMILE UPON YOUR DIVE!

IF THE EEL WILLS IT, FATHER, I WILL RETURN... ALIVE!



AS THOUGH THE SERPENT-LIKE CURRENT HAD HEARD, AND SUDDENLY RELENTED, IT RUSHED BACK... AND AWAY! THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN AS BY A GIANT UNDERSEA HAND...



WORKING AGAINST TIME, TAURO REVIVED THE STRICKEN DIVER, HALF-LIFTED, HALF-CARRIED HIM UP AND OUT... TOWARDS SAFETY! FEAR WAS FORGOTTEN... BUT ONE MEMORY REMAINED...



BACK ON DECK... AT LAST...

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... WHAT LUCK---
YOU'RE **SAFE**,
TOM! HOW DO YOU FEEL?

I'M... I'M ALL RIGHT NOW...
AND WE'VE STILL GOT THE JEWELS!

PARDON, SEÑOR,
BUT I THINK
THE JEWELS
SHOULD NOW BE MINE!
NOW LOOK,
FRIEND, YOU
SAVED MY LIFE
AND I'M THANKFUL...
BUT
NOT THAT THANKFUL!

YOU FORCE ME TO TAKE THE TREASURE,
TAKE IT?? OVER MY DEAD BODY!
SEÑOR --

CRACK!

OLLA! -- HE ATTACKS
THE SON OF THE CHIEF
... OUR TAURO!
RESCUE HIM!
SAVE HIM!

HEY-- THESE
ISLANDERS ARE
AFTER TOM!
GET THEM!

THESE JEWELS ARE
MINE... YOU'LL HAVE
TO KILL ME FOR'EM...
BEST BEFORE I KILL YOU!

FOOLS! BLIND OXEN!
YOU DO NOT WANT
THESE JEWELS! **NOHE OF US** CAN HAVE
THEM! STOP!
I COMMAND YOU
... STOP!

BUT THE BATTLE RAGED ON!

DESTROY THE
PILLAGERS OF
OUR ISLAND AND
OUR TREASURE!

THE TREASURE BELONGS
TO **THE EEL!** FROM THE
EEL IT HAS COME! TO
THE EEL IT WILL
RETURN! MARK
MY PROPHECY!

LET 'EM
HAVE IT, MEN!
SHOOT 'EM
DOWN LIKE
FLIES!

THE EEL! LIKE SOME MONSTER OF THE DEEP
... ALIVE... ANGRY... COLD... IT REACHED OUT FOR
THE LIVES OF ALL THE MEN ABOARD THAT
UNLUCKY SHIP!

LOOK-- RUN!
SAVE YOURSELVES!
VENGEANCE
IS UPON US! IT
IS **THE EEL!**
HE'S COME FOR
THE TREASURE...
COME TO
PUNISH US...
THE EEL!

MAY THE GODS OF THE SEA
PROTECT US ALL... FOR WE ARE
LOST SOULS! ... **THE EEL** HAS
COME! FROM THE SEA WE HAVE
RISEN... TO THE SEA WE
SHALL **RETURN**! SPARE US,
EEL OF THE SEA... WE ARE
INNOCENT!



STRANGELY LACKING IN RAIN,
THUNDER OR LIGHTNING, THE
MONSTROUS TIDAL WAVE SWEEP
OVER THE DECK OF THE VESSEL,
LEVELING ALL IN ITS PATH... LIKE
A BOLT FROM THE SKY... OR
THE SEA!



AND LEAVING... IN ITS WAKE...

CAN THIS BE? THE BATTLE IS
OVER... **THE EEL** HAS COME AND
GONE... AND WE ARE **SPARED**!
THOSE OF US THAT MEANT NO
HARM... HOW TO VIOLATE THE
SEA'S TREASURE... ARE **SAFE**!



IT WAS **THE EEL**... **THE EEL**! HE HAS STRUCK
ONCE AGAIN... TO SAVE US... TO PROTECT US
FROM HARM... AND TO CLAIM HIS TREASURE
FOR HIS OWN! WE GIVE THANKS...

TO THE EEL!



AND THEN, AS PEACE WAS RESTORED AND
ANXIOUS EYES SWEPT THE DECK...

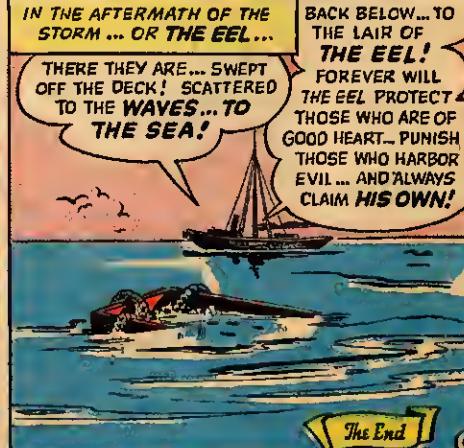
YES, **THE EEL** SPARED
US... WE WANTED NO
TREASURE AND MEANT
NO EVIL! BUT--
MY SON!

TOM... **TOM STUBBS!**
THEY'RE **BOTH DEAD**!
AND--**THE JEWELS??**



IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE
STORM... OR **THE EEL**...

THERE THEY ARE... SWEEP
OFF THE DECK! SCATTERED
TO THE WAVES... TO
THE SEA!



BACK BELOW... TO
THE LAIR OF
THE EEL!

FOREVER WILL
THE EEL PROTECT
THOSE WHO ARE OF
GOOD HEART... PUNISH
THOSE WHO HARBOR
EVIL... AND ALWAYS
CLAIM **HIS OWN**!

The End



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THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
REGULARLY..
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TIME *to* DIE

HE'D done it—his experiment had worked!

Clutching the next day's newspaper in trembling hands, Professor Peter Halvorsen staggered to his armchair and lay back, panting heavily, trying to ignore the growing pain around his heart. Yes, it had worked—but the experiment had exacted an awful toll on his body.

The professor leaned back, trying to quiet the heart that pounded against his chest like the booming of a tom-tom. There was one sure way to relax, he knew—all he had to do was think back over the years that had led to today's tremendous triumph, the most stupendous achievement of the age. He'd let his memories soothe and calm him—the memories of all those years since he had discovered the Third Book of Thoth in a secret vault in the Pyramid of Thebes.

Twelve years ago it was—and twelve years of laborious, heart-breaking deciphering had followed. He'd given up his position as Professor of Egyptology and Occultology to devote all his time to translating the ancient symbols of occult wisdom. He'd kept his discovery of the Book of Thoth a secret, afraid that the public would laugh at his attempts to solve the mystery of time!

But they wouldn't laugh now, when he told them that he had actually carried out the magical rites, the uncanny invocations to unknown spirits—and had actually projected himself a day ahead into the future!

The professor turned his head and glanced fondly at the incredibly ancient Third Book of Thoth, lying in its silver box on the table at his side. Yes, it had taught him the occult secret of traveling in time—even though the anguished wrench from one time dimension to another had almost killed him.

But he was beginning to feel better now, strong enough to light a cigarette before he looked at the proof of his success—the newspaper he held clenched in one hand. *Tomorrow's newspaper*—carrying news that had not yet even happened!

He leafed through it now, thinking of how he had staggered down the street *tomorrow* to the corner newsstand so that he would know he hadn't been dreaming. The professor idly turned another page, stared in horror—and leaped to his feet with a cry of anguish. Suddenly he staggered, clenched his heart, and pitched to the floor, his cigarette falling near the newspaper.

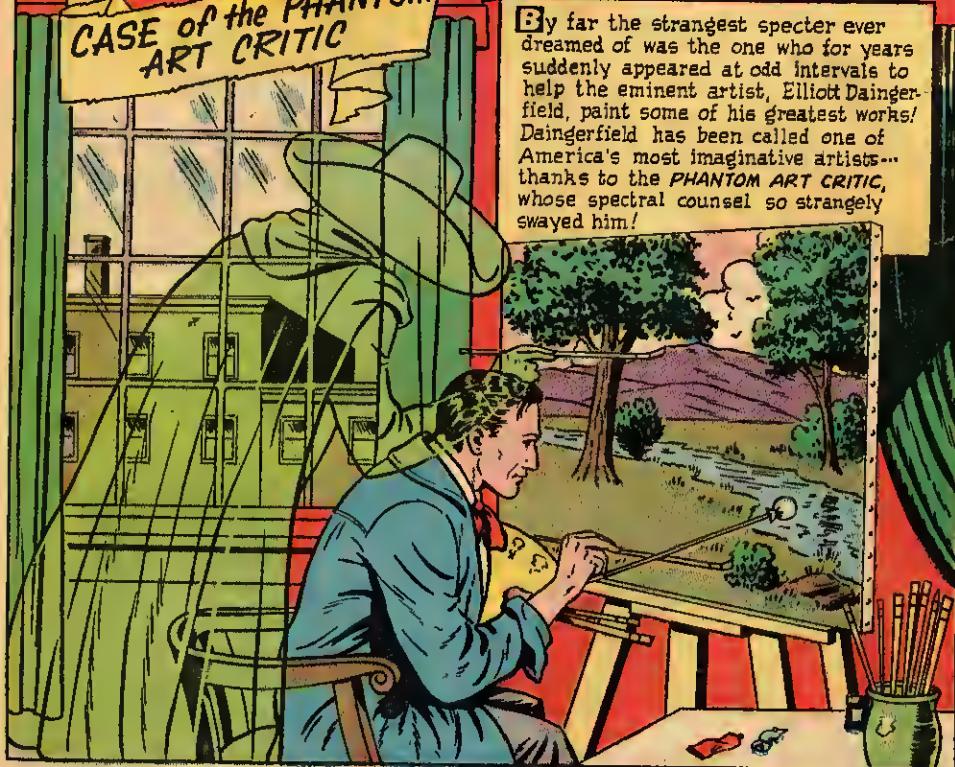
A thin curl of smoke arose, and then the greedy flames began eating away at the column that read:

"NOTED EGYPTOLOGIST DIES"

Professor Peter Halvorsen died yesterday in a fire that utterly consumed his home. The renowned scholar is believed to have suffered a heart attack before the blaze occurred, and there is no hint of the cause of the fire. Police are investigating a strange silver box full of ashes, found near the body . . ."

UNCANNY MYSTERIES

CASE of the PHANTOM ART CRITIC



By far the strangest specter ever dreamed of was the one who for years suddenly appeared at odd intervals to help the eminent artist, Elliott Daingerfield, paint some of his greatest works! Daingerfield has been called one of America's most imaginative artists... thanks to the **PHANTOM ART CRITIC**, whose spectral counsel so strangely swayed him!

IT ALL STARTED THE NIGHT MRS. DAINGERFIELD AWOKE SUDDENLY TO A STARTLING SIGHT...



IN DEEP, CAVERNOUS TONES... HIS

PAINTING -- HE MUST DEEPEN -- THE VALUE OF THE TREES IN THE FORE GROUND -- MOVE THE CLOUD -- NEARER THE MIDDLE -- OF THE SKY!



IN THE MORNING, WHEN MRS. DAINGERFIELD REPORTED THE UNCANNY PHENOMENON TO HER HUSBAND...

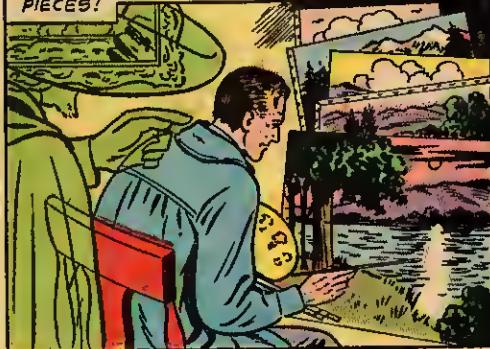
IT-- IT WAS FANTASTIC!! ELLIOTT, I NEVER GO INTO YOUR STUDIO-- TELL ME, ARE YOU WORKING ON A LANDSCAPE WITH TREES AND A CLOUD IN THE SKY?

IT IS FANTASTIC-- BECAUSE IT'S A PERFECT CRITICISM OF THE PAINTING I'M WORKING ON! I'VE HAD THE FEELING THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH IT, BUT NOW THAT ... THAT APPARITION HAS MENTIONED IT, I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT! STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, I'M GOING TO TAKE ITS ADVICE!

I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE IT-- CHANGING THE TREES AND THE CLOUD MAKES IT A PERFECT PICTURE! I... I HOPE THAT SPECTER COMES AGAIN!



ET DID COME AGAIN, AT ODD INTERVALS FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS! WHENEVER THE ARTIST SEEMED TO BE MOST IN NEED OF HELP THE PHANTOM WOULD APPEAR--AND ITS GHOSTLY WORDS OF COUNSEL HELPED MAKE MASTERS-PIECES!



DAINGERFIELD HEeded ITS WORDS--BUT ONLY ONCE DID THE PHANTOM APPEAR DIRECTLY TO HIM! IT WAS LATE ONE AFTERNOON, WHEN THE ARTIST HAD LAID HIS BRUSHES DOWN IN DISCOURAGEMENT...

NOTHING I'VE TRIED MAKES ANY IMPROVEMENT! THE PAINTING OF THE MADONNA AND CHILD IS GOOD ENOUGH, BUT SOMETHING...

SOMETHING IS MISSING THAT WILL MAKE IT PERFECT!



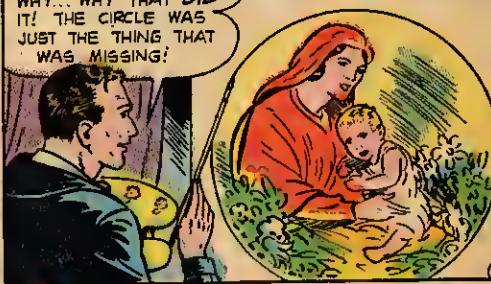
SUDDENLY...

A-- CIRCLE! ENCLOSE IT-- IN A CIRCLE!

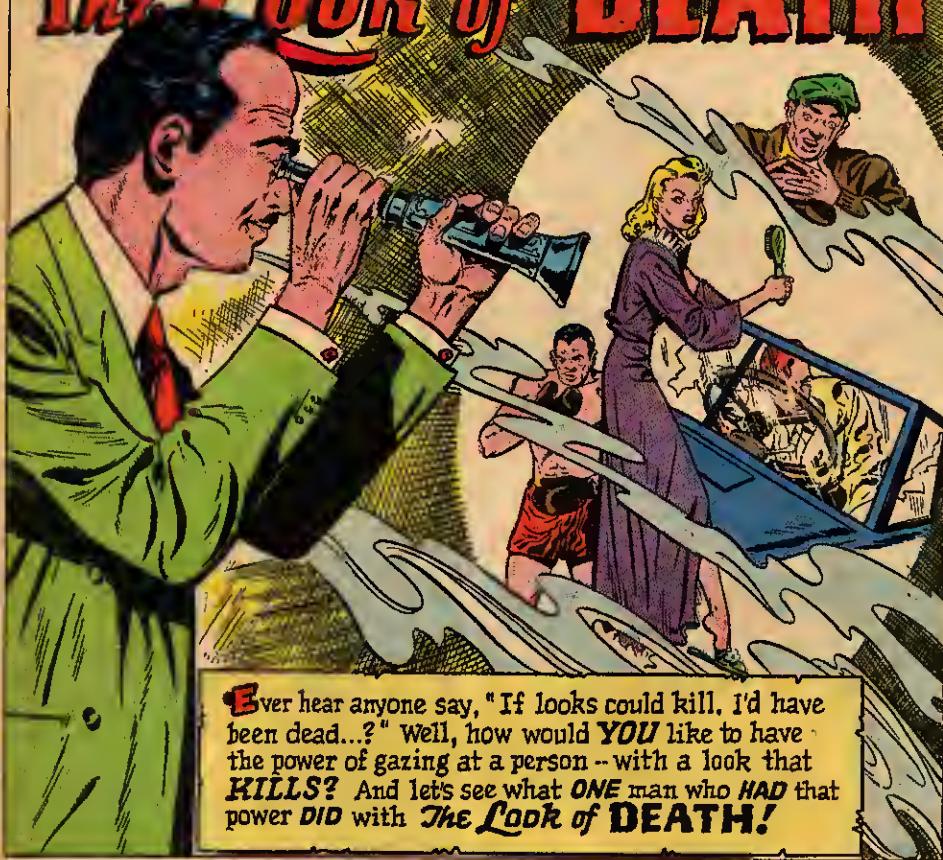


AND ANYONE WHO VISITS THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART IN NEW YORK, OR THE NATIONAL GALLERY, CAN SEE THE MAGNIFICENT PICTURES PAINTED BY ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD-- WITH THE HELP OF THE PHANTOM ART CRITIC... WHOM ELLIOTT BELIEVED TO BE A GHOSTLY SPIRIT OF A 17TH CENTURY MASTER!

WHY... WHY THAT DID IT! THE CIRCLE WAS JUST THE THING THAT WAS MISSING!



The Cook of DEATH



Ever hear anyone say, "If looks could kill, I'd have been dead...?" Well, how would **YOU** like to have the power of gazing at a person -- with a look that **KILLS**? And let's see what **ONE** man who **HAD** that power **DID** with **The Look of DEATH!**

NO WONDER THEY HAD TO CUT THE PRICE OF THAT SPYGLASS! WHO IN THE WORLD WOULD WANT A BEAT-UP OLD THING LIKE THAT?

NOT **I**! THAT RELIC IS NO BARGAIN AT ANY PRICE!

ANTIQUESHOP

SPYGLASS
Bargain

Special
Receptions

OH, YEAH? DON'T **YOU** BE SO HASTY ABOUT THAT SPYGLASS, READER -- AT LEAST, NOT UNTIL YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT ITS STRANGE POWERS AND THE EVEN STRANGER STORY CONNECTED WITH IT -- A STORY THAT BEGINS IN THE PAWNSHOP OWNED BY ONE MAC MACAULEY...

OH, OH -- ANOTHER CHARACTER! WHY DO ALL THE QUEER DUCKS HAVE TO COME TO **MY** PAWNSHOP? -- YOU CAN'T MAKE A DIME OUT OF THEM! I'LL GET RID OF **THIS** ONE IN A HURRY!

PLEASE --
I NEED
MONEY --
URGENTLY!

PAWN
SHOP
LOANS

LAST NIGHT **THE VOICE** CALLED TO ME -- ORDERING ME TO RETURN IMMEDIATELY TO TIBET! BUT SINCE WE ARE FORBIDDEN TO USE **TELEPORTATION** TO TRAVEL INSTANTLY FROM ONE POINT ON THE GLOBE TO ANOTHER, I MUST GO BY **ORDINARY** MEANS -- AND FOR THAT I NEED **PASSAGE-MONEY!** YOU WILL GIVE IT TO ME!

THE VOICE ... TIBET... TELEPORTATION... THIS BIRD IS **REALLY NUTS!**

BUT I **DO** HAVE COLLATERAL! HERE-- I WILL LEAVE YOU THIS PORTRAIT AS SECURITY FOR THE LOAN!



THOSE -- THOSE **EYES** ... THEY'RE ALMOST **ALIVE**... BURNING --UGH! THEY GIVE ME THE WILLIES!

BUT... BUT I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! THAT WAS PAINTED BY THE WISEST ARTIST IN THE LAMA'S EMPIRE!

SURE IT HAS QUALITIES -- BAD ONES! UNLESS YOU HAVE SOMETHING ELSE TO OFFER AS SECURITY--

I ... I HAVE ONLY ONE OTHER POSSESSION -- **THIS!** IT IS FORBIDDEN TO PART WITH IT, BUT I **MUST** HAVE MONEY-- HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR IT?

WHAT --? LEND YOU MONEY FOR THAT POP-EYED PICTURE OF YOU IN A PHONY SWAMI'S OUTFIT? WHY, I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU TWO BITS FOR IT!

IT HAS CERTAIN QUALITIES WHICH --



OH, A **SPYGLASS**, EH? WELL, IT MIGHT BE WORTH A COUPLE OF BUCKS -- I'LL JUST LOOK THROUGH IT AND SEE IF IT'S ANY GOOD!

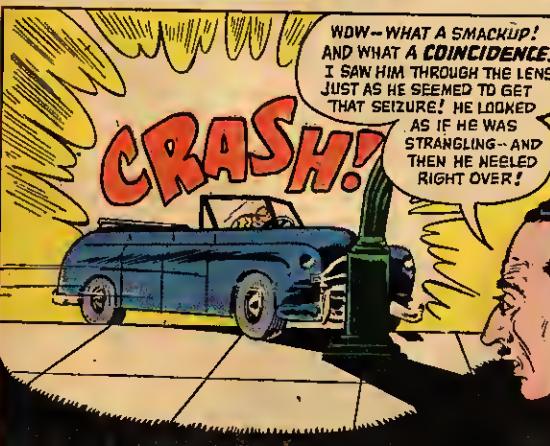
NO! IT IS FORBIDDEN FOR THE UNINITIATED TO LOOK THROUGH THE SACRED GLASS!
DO NOT PUT YOUR EYE TO IT!

HUN -- THE LENSES MUST BE PLAIN GLASS IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO TRY IT OUT! HERE, TAKE IT BACK AND GET OUT OF -- **NO -- WAIT!**

THAT GLITTERING -- THE LIGHT IS BEING REFLECTED AS IF THERE ARE REAL GEMS ON IT!

GREAT JUMPIN' JUPITER!
DIAMONDS... RUBIES
...**EMERALDS** -- **THIS** THING IS WORTH A **FORTUNE!**





THAT NIGHT...

AH, THERE'S THAT BLONDE
ACROSS THE WAY! I'VE NEVER
REALLY HAD A CHANCE TO SEE WHAT HER
FACE LOOKS LIKE -- BUT **NOW** --



WHAT THE --
AGAIN!



THE .. THE MOMENT I LOOKED AT
HER THRUH THE GLASS... SHE... SNE
"HAD THAT SAME SPELL AS THAT CAR-
DRIVER .. AND HE HAD **HIS** JUST
AS I LOOKED AT HIM! IS IT JUST
A COINCIDENCE .. **OR** --?
WAIT-- THAT SCREWBALL WHO
GAVE ME THIS - HE WARNED ME
NOT TO LOOK THROUGH IT!
IT'S NOT COINCIDENCE! IT... IT
MUST BE THIS... THIS **THING**!

SHE'S GETTING UP -- JUST SEEKS
STUNNED! BUT I WONDER...
IF LOOKING AT PEOPLE FOR A
SECOND THROUGH THIS SPY-
GLASS **DOES** KNOCK THEM OUT,
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I
KEPT LOOKING AT THEM?
WOULD IT... **KILL**? I... I'VE
GOT TO FIND OUT ... **SOMEHOW**!



OHAY, MACAULEY -- THIS IS **IT**!
THE BOSS IS GETTIN' TIRED O' WAITIN'
FER THAT PROTECTION MONEY YUH
DWE 'IM! EITHER YUH
PAY UP TONIGHT,

OR --
SURE, JUD -- SURE!
I'VE GOT THE MONEY
RIGHT HERE! BUT I'M
GLAD YOU CALLED FOR IT,
BECAUSE YOU CAN HELP ME
DUT ON SOMETHING! YOU
SEE, MY HOBBY IS
SPYGLASSES..
AND I'VE GOT TO ADJUST
THIS NEW ONE
I JUST GOT!



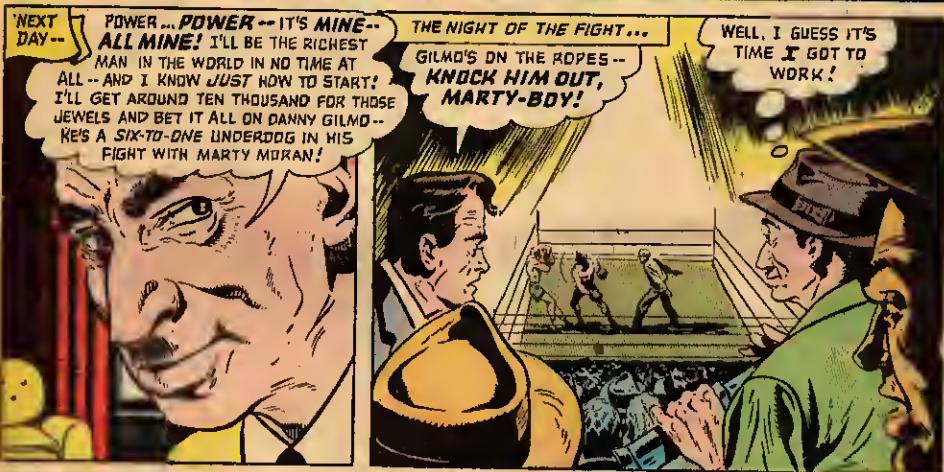
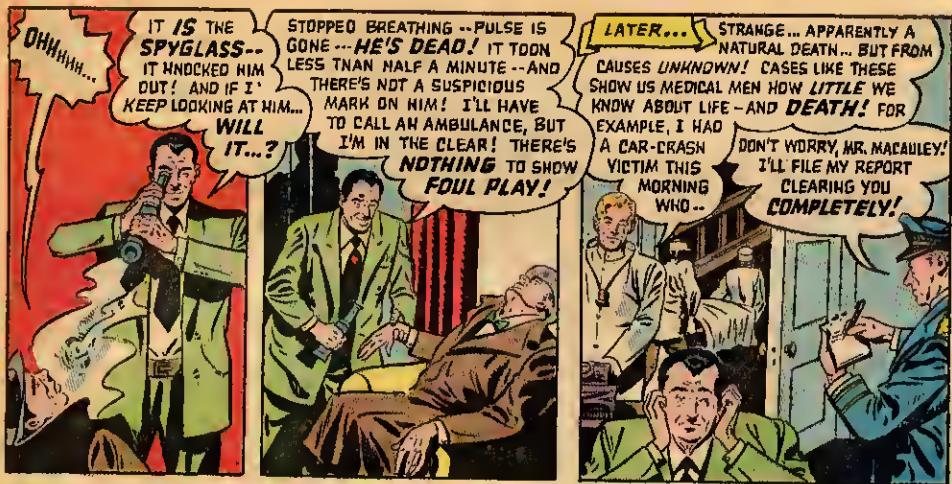
SO YOU JUST SIT RIGHT DOWN HERE,
AND I'LL HAVE SOMEONE TO FOCUS
IT ON! IT'L ONLY TAKE A MINUTE,
AND THEN I'LL GIVE YOU
THE MONEY!

I DON'T GET IT,
MACAULEY -- BUT **YOU**
WILL IF THIS IS ONE
O' YOUR TRICKS! DON'T
TRY PULLIN' NOTHIN'
SMART ON
ME!



AAAGHH! CHOKIN'
CAN'T MOVE ... YUH
TRICKED...





NEXT DAY...

LAST NIGHT'S WINNINGS WERE JUST PEANUTS COMPARED TO WHAT I'LL WIN ON HUMDRUM NOW! HE'S AN 80-TO-ONE LONG SHOT -- AND I HAVE \$60,000 RIDING ON HIM -- SPREAD IN SMALL AMOUNTS WITH EVERY BOOKIE IN TOWN, SO NO ONE WILL GET SUSPICIOUS!

THEY'RE OFF?



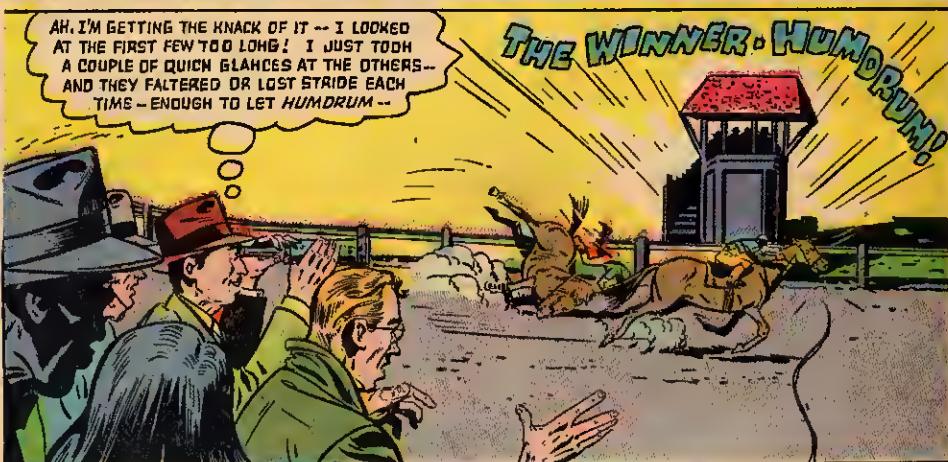
THIS'LL BE EASY.. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LOOK AT THE HORSE THAT'S IN THE LEAD LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE IT FALTER OR STUMBLE -- AND DO THE SAME TO EVERY OTHER HORSE UNTIL HUMDRUM TAKES THE LEAD! -- AH, HERE'S THE FIRST...

FIREFLY'S STUMBLING --HE'S GOING DOWN!



AH, I'M GETTING THE KNACK OF IT -- I LOOKED AT THE FIRST FEW TOO LONG! I JUST TOOK A COUPLE OF QUICK GLANCES AT THE OTHERS -- AND THEY FALTERED OR LOST STRIDE EACH TIME -- ENOUGH TO LET HUMDRUM --

THE WINNER - HUMDRUM!



WOW, YOU'RE PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE WHO HAD MONEY ON HUMDRUM -- AND I LOST MY SHIRT ON THAT RACE! I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE LIKE IT BEFORE -- WITH ALL THOSE FAVORITES FALLING LIKE FLIES!

CASHIER

STICK AROUND, BROTHER! YOU'LL BE SEEING PLENTY OF RACES LIKE THAT -- PLENTY!



AS TIME PASSED...

I'M A MILLIONAIRE NOW, AND IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING! BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP MY MIND OFF THAT SCREWBALL WHO GAVE ME THE SPYGLASS -- WHAT IF HE COMES BACK? AM I BECOMING AFRAID OF HIM? NO, I CAN'T BE!



THERE -- THIS'LL PROVE I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM! HAW-- I'LL HAVE A BIG LAUGH EVERY TIME I LOOK UP AT THAT FOOL'S FACE!



A MONTH LATER...

I'VE GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH
NOW TO START BUYING UP
CONTROLLING INTERESTS IN THE BIGGEST CORPORATIONS
IN THE COUNTRY! I'LL START WITH THE MUNITIONS
INDUSTRIES -- THEY'LL COME IN HANDY IN CASE I
WANT TO ESTABLISH MY OWN PRIVATE
ARMY -- IF I CAN'T BUY MY WAY
INTO BECOMING PRESIDENT!

GOOD EVENING!
I HAVE COME TO
PAY BACK THE LOAN--
AND TO COLLECT
MY COLLATERAL!

HERE IS THE \$500, PLUS
INTEREST! PLEASE -- MY
PORTRAIT AND THE
SACRED GLASS!

YOU! THE DOOR
WAS **LOCKED** -- HOW
DO YOU GET IN HERE?
I NEVER EXPECTED
TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



AH, THE PORTRAIT -- I AM
PLEASED YOU LIKED IT SO
MUCH AS TO HANG IT IN
YOUR ROOM! AND NOW--
MY SACRED GLASS!

I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST!
I CAN'T GET RID OF **HIM**
BY LOOKING AT HIM THROUGH
THE SPYGLASS -- HE PROBABLY
KNOWS ITS SECRET! AND I
CAN'T LET HIM RUIN MY PLANS
JUST WHEN THEY'RE ABOUT TO
MAKE ME THE MOST
**POWERFUL
MAN IN THE
WORLD!**
I'LL HAVE
TO--

OH, YES, YOU MEAN THE **SPYGLASS** YOU LEFT
WITH ME! I'VE GOT IT IN THE SAFE IN MY
STORE -- I'LL DRIVE OVER WITH YOU
AND GET IT!

EXCELLENT!



STAY RIGHT HERE WHILE
I GET MY CAR! I'LL
ONLY BE A
MINUTE!

AS YOU
WISH, I SHALL
WAIT--

A MINUTE LATER...

NO--
HELP!

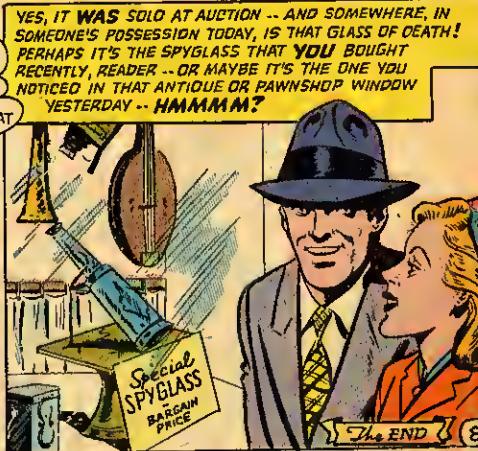
NO ONE CAN
HELP YOU **NOW!**
**SO LONG,
SUCKER!**



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

MY LAST WORRY IS OVER. I WIPE
OUT ALL THE SIGNS OF THAT ACCIDENT
FROM MY CAR -- THEY'LL NEVER TRACE
HIS DEATH TO **ME!** AND NOW THE
SPYGLASS IS MINE--
FOR GOOD! I'LL
JUST LAY IT DOWN HERE
SO THAT I CAN FEAST
MY EYES ON IT
WHILE I PLAN MY
NEXT BIG DEAL!





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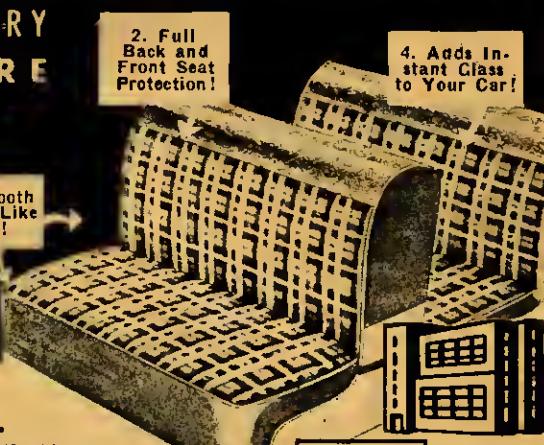
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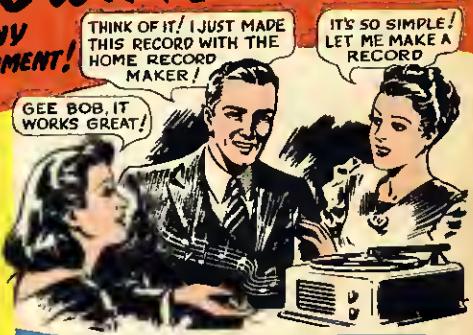
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Send entire RECORD MAKING OUTFIT, including 2 blank two-sided records.

- Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$4.98 plus postage.
- Send additional blank records at \$2 per dozen.

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

- I enclose \$4.98, send sample outfit postpaid.